THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....." VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued from No. 10.]

Section 3.....Application of the same principles in the Philippic of Demosthenes, intituled, Of the Chersonesus.

THOSE things which are wanting to those persons, who have no other faculties but those of their souls, are above all others, method and reasoning; it is that series of ideas, fortified one by another; that accumulation of proofs, which goes on constantly increasing, until the orator, domineering from on high, as from a centre of light, finishes by giving an impetuous shock to all this mass, and overwhelms his adversaries in it. It is then that emotions, as I have before hinted, decide the victory; but it is necessary that reasonings should have prepared the way for it; without this, emotions shock, but do not overthrow. Let imperious truth force from every mind this secret and involuntary assent, 'he is in the right;' it is then that the orator, who feels himself the master, commands in fact, or rather reason commands for him. and we all obey.

These are the tactics of Demosthenes in his deliberative orations, which compose the greatest part of his works, and which, under different titles, are all Philippics, since they have all the same object, that of awakening the indolence of the Athenians, and arming them against the insidious ambition of Philip.

We must comprehend, under this name, not only the four harangues, which especially bear the title of Philippics, but all those which have for their object the contests of Philip with the Greeks and the Athenians, such as the three which are commonly called the Plynthiacks, that which turns upon the peace proposed by the king of Macedonia, that which was pronounced upon the occasion of a letter of this prince, and that which is intituled, 'of the Chersonesus.' These compose ten harangues, and this last is, in my opinion, the most beautiful; but all of them may be regarded as models. We find not in them, indeed, the great paintings, the sublime emotions, the vast developements of the orations for the crown, nor that species of contention so lively as so terrible, which belongs to the judiciary kind, where two wrestlers exert themselves body to body. But we should also remark the particular, and perhaps singular advantage, attached to this last subject, this great quarrel of Eschines with Demosthenes. We should represent to ourselves all Greece assembled in Athens, to hear the two most famous orators in their own cause. And what cause? The man, who, for twenty years, had governed Athens and Greece by his eloquence, opposing to the attacks, the most malicious and furious, of hatred and calumny, the painting, as beautiful as it is faithful, of his own administration, that is to say, the history of the Greeks at the same time with his own. The interest of events was united here with that of the prosecution. Demosthenes, in defending his own glory, defended that of Athens and the Greeks. His soul must have been, at once, elevated by all the sentiments of national grandeur, and heated by all the emotions of personal indignation. He had before him his adversary and Greece: the latter honours him, the former insults him. What ought he not to do, what could he not do, to be worthy of one, and to triumph over the other? It was in reality, between Eschines and Demosthenes, a combat for life, for in Athens, as well as in Rome, banishment was a sort of capital punishment. This assemblage of circumstances so important, rendered his discourse susceptible of all the kinds of eloquence: the poignant bitterness of refutations and criminations, the loftiness of political ideas, all the inflammation of glory and patriotism, united naturally in a pleading of this nature, and all are here found in the highest degree. Let us never forget that genius is more or less elevated by the subject, and that men are made great by things, as things are by men.

The merit of the Philippics is that which properly belongs to deliberative eloquence, a discussion animated, energetic, luminous; a series of reasonings, which fortify each other one after another, and which leave neither time to breathe, nor the idea of contradiction; forms simple, sometimes even familiar, but of that decent, and in some sort noble familiarity, which with the precision, purity, and rapidity of diction, composed what the ancients called Atticism.

I have thought that, even without a perfect knowledge of the affairs of Greece, necessary only to those who would investigate freely the spirit of her orators, certain morsels, chosen from their writings, might please the greatest number of readers. But I have not thought I could do better, to give a more extensive idea of the most famous of all the masters of speech, than by translating entire one of his Philippics. I have chosen that which has for its title 'Of the Chersonesus.' It is not long, and never orator was less diffuse than Demosthenes. It is true, that, in this respect, the taste of the Athenians was a rule and a measure to the public speakers. That ingenious and delicate people were not pleased to have their leisure abused, nor to perceive their understanding distrusted. They picqued themselves upon understanding at half a word, and it often happened that those were interrupted in the tribune who spoke not directly to the point. We may judge of this kind of severity by a word of Phocion. He was renowned for a singular conciseness, and by diction, austere and rigid, like his manners. His nervous laconism prevailed more than once over the atticism of Demosthenes, who said of him 'it is a cleaver that cuts off my discourse.' Phocion one day, when he was preparing to mount the tribune, appeared to be absent in mind and deep in thought: when they asked him the reason of it, he said 'I am thinking how I shall abridge what I have to say.' This temperance and sobriety of words is very far distant from that verbose ambition, which is affected, among us, by the orators of the bar. It seems as if the merit of a discourse was measured by its duration. They were as well satisfied to have talked a long time, as they could have been to have talked well. Besides this, the generality of clients judge in the same manner, and imagine that their advocate has never said enough; but the foolery of those who habitually attend, and give reputations at the courts of judicature in the palace, come in aid of this ridiculous prejudice. You would hear them say, with a tone of emphatic admiration, 'Mr. Such-a-one spoke two hours, the attorney-general spoke four hours.' Reason might conclude, for the most part, that they had sold a great deal of nonsense: but ignorance concludes very differently, and hears it all with ecstacy.

The difference between the ancients and us arises from that of government. When every citizen is admitted to speak of public affairs, according to the law and the occasion, a disgust at prolixity and the merit of precision are easily perceived, and the common rule of judgment is the importance of matter, and the faculty which each man has for treating it. But when it is the trade of a small number to speak in public, and when this profession is circumscribed in a narrow and private sphere, they extend themselves so much the more in words, as they are more confined in their objects; they turn themselves round on every side, that they may occupy as much space as they can. It is thus that a pleading, concerning a will or an entail, is commonly much longer than any of the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero, concerning the highest interest of the public, or affairs of the greatest consideration. Of the ten Philippics there is not one which exceeds half an hour in reading. The longest pleadings of Cicero or Demosthenes would not hold more than an hour: and that for the Crown, the most extensive of all, that master piece so rich in every respect, which contains, as it ought, so many objects, did not require for its pronounciation more than an hour, if we exclude the reading of the public acts, which were the evidence of facts.

A short sketch of the respective situations of Philip and the Greeks, at this epocha, will suffice to place every one in a state to comprehend the orator, whom I am about to set to speaking in our language.

Philip, whose ambition was not bounded by his small dominions, and whose talents were far greater than his hereditary power, had formed the bold project of domineering in Greece. This was a great enterprise for a king of Macedonians, a nation hitherto despised by the Greeks, who considered them as barbarians. Philip, become at once a politician and a warrior in the school of Pelopidas, the Theban, who had instructed him in his youth, took advantage of the lessons of a great man, who had cultivated in him his

natural faculties. He created a military power, very much as Frederic did in our days, and thus prepared for him the conquest of Asia, by subjugating Greece to his views. His army soon became formidable; it was composed of the Macedonian phalanx, a body of infantry which was invincible until it was opposed by the Roman legions, and the Thessalian cavalry, the best that was then known, and which afterwards obtained for Pyrrhus his first victory over the Romans. He formed generals who were afterwards esteemed among the best of Alexander, such as Attalus and Parmenio. With these troops, conducted by chiefs of such merit, well provided, and always in action, he threw himself rapidly into the different countries of Greece, according to such occasions he knew how to prepare, to expect or to seize; for it was his policy still more than his power, which obtained his successes. He found, it is true, great facilities in that spirit of jealousy, of distrust, and rivalry, which animated the Grecian republics one against the other, and excited continual divisions. Philip, prodigal of oaths, of caresses, and of money, had every where instruments and orators in his pay; and they easily deceived the multitude, who are never more enslaved than when they think they command. It was by the aid of these mercenary agents, that he directed, from afar, all the resolutions of these several states, some of them stronger and others weaker; and when he had set them at variance, he never failed to interpose in the quarrel, and, under the pretext of assisting one against the other, he finished by plundering both. It was in this manner that he obtained possession of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the country of the Phoceans, which opened to him Attica; that he had made himself master of Eubea, which, on the side of the sea, held in respect, merely by her position, all the territory of Athens; that finally he had taken Amphipolis, and many other cities, both in Thrace and Thessaly. Cersobleptus, one of the petty kings of Thrace, dreading his enterprises, and wishing to engage against him the support of the Athenians, had taken the precaution to cede to them the Chersonesus, a peninsula advantageously situated upon the Hellespont, and which might be very useful to a nation powerful at sea, such as Athens was at that time. Cardia, one of the principal cities of this peninsula, had refused to submit, like the others, to the Athenian domination, and had thrown herself under the protection of Philip, who had, at that time, an army in Thrace. Athens, which had sent a colony into the Chersonesus, caused it to be supported by troops, instructed to watch Philip. Diopithes, who commanded them, regarding, with reason, as an hostility, the protection which this prince granted to the Cardians, invaded the lands which he possessed in maritime Thrace, pillaged and ravaged them, and carried off a rich booty, which he placed in safety in the Chersonesus. Philip, too much engaged in other things, to take vengeance for it, made great complaints to the Athenians, under pretence that there had not been between him and them any declaration of war. He claimed the security of treaties, which he had been the first to violate, and his creatures exert themselves to support his pretensions, and are outrageous against Diopithes. They demand his recal, that another general should be sent to force him to submission, in case of resistance, and that satisfaction should be given to Philip. This sordid cowardice could not fail to arouse Demosthenes. He ascended the tribunal, and spoke thus:

"It is proper, Athenians, that those who address you, from this tribunal, all equally exempt from complaisance or animosity, should think only of announcing what appears to them the best to be done, especially when we have under deliberation the great interest of the public. But, since there are, among our orators, some, who allow themselves to be influenced, either by a spirit of contention and jealousy, or by other personal motives, it is your interest, at least, to lay aside all these private considerations, and employ yourselves only in resolving and executing what you judge useful to the state.

"What is the subject of deliberation at this time?—The Chersonesus, menaced by Philip, who, for eleven months, has been in Thrace with an army. And of whom do your orators speak to you? Of the operations and enterprises of Diopithes. For myself, I consider, as of very little importance, the accusations brought against one of your generals, whom you may, when you will, pursue according to the laws, either immediately, or at another time. It is of little moment at what time. And I see no reason why myself or any other should be inflamed with any zeal upon such a subject. But all which has a tendency to divert our attention from Philip, our enemy, Philip, whose troops cover the shores of the Hellespont, which you can neither relieve nor recover, if you miss the opportunity, is urgent. On this we must resolve at once, without permitting vain and tumultuous altercations to make you lose sight of it.

"I cannot hear, without astonishment, I acknowledge, many things which are said in your assemblies. But nothing has surprised me more than what has been said, in my presence, in the senate, that whoever proposed to speak to you, in the present circumstances, ought to declare formally, whether he advised to war or peace—No—We are not in this situation. If Philip were inactive, if he had not violated his treaties with us, seized your possessions, if he did not excite insurrections, and arm against you the people at the same time when he attaches them to himself, without doubt, it would be in your power to remain in peace, and, as far as you are concerned, I see you are well disposed to it, as it is possible to be. But if, on one hand, we have under our eyes the treaties which he has sworn to observe with us, if, on the other, it is manifest, that even before Diopithes departed from these walls at the head of that colony, which is reproached, at this day, as the cause of the war, Philip, in defiance of all justice and all law, had already made himself master of what belonged to you; if your own decrees, passed upon this subject, accuse decidedly these violations of engagements taken with you; if on all occasions, when he has connected himself with Greeks or barbarians, he has evidently had no other object than to make war against you, what signifies all that has been said to you, that you must choose between war and peace? Ah! you have no longer any choice; there remains to you but one part to take, which is at once that of justice and necessity: it is to repel the aggressor: and this the only course, of which they say nothing to you. Can it be pretended, that Philip, provided he attacks not Attica, the Pyræum, or our very walls, does us no injury, and is not at war with us? But I cannot believe, Athenians, that those, who would establish such rules of equity, and would thus mark the limits of war and peace, can appear to you to have an idea of what justice prescribes, of that which you can maintain without disgrace, or of that which your safety requires. Moreover, they do not perceive that they themselves, while they thus argue, justify Diopithes, whom they accuse. For why should Philip be permitted to do what he pleases, provided he does not invade Attica, if it is not permitted to Diopithes to succour the Thracians without being accused of provoking a war? But they say, we must not suffer mercenary soldiers to ravage the shores of the Hellespont, nor Diopithes, by hiring foreign vessels, to exercise the trade of a pirate. Be it so: I am convinced of the good intentions of those who hold this language: no doubt they have no other interest than that of equity and the state. In this case I have only one question to ask them, and it is this—when they shall have dispersed and annihilated your army, by defaming the general, who has found, in his own resources, the means of maintaining it, will they please to inform us, what they will do to annihilate also the army of Philip? If they remain, without giving us an answer, it is clear, Athenians, that they have but one object; it is to reduce you to the same state of things, which, in these latter times, has given so fatal a blow to the power of Athens. You know that nothing has given to Philip such advantages over us, as having always an army on foot, which puts it in his power to seize every opportunity. He anticipates you every where, because that having deliberated at leisure with himself, he acts, on a sudden, when it pleases him. He attacks; he overthrows. We, on the contrary, never commence our long and tumultuary preparations till intelligence of his invasions is brought to us. What is the consequence? That which must always happen to those who take their measures too late. He preserves without danger, what he has taken without opposition; and we, after great and useless expenses, after many superfluous efforts, after having vainly demonstrated all possible disposition to counteract and to hurt him, what remains to us? Impotence and disgrace.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

[In No. 9 of the Port Folio, a brief sketch of the dramatic life of Mr. Cooper has been attempted. At New-York, some friend of this celebrated actor has filled up our outline, and we now have it in our power to present to the public a more complete picture, than the penury of materials enabled *our* artist to furnish.]

His friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement on the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months, starving on a paltry salary and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages: Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakspeare's most distinguished characters for his instruction. He made him recite passages and would explain the nature of the characters, the situations in which they were placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of his youthfu pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a public appearance. He accordingly at the early age of 18 performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards

of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York Theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival, he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green room history, addeu, and now prepare yourself for astonishment. That identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre, and who appeared extremely incompetent, is now performing *Hamlet* with applause at London!

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus' seems to have been already his object and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period Mr. Wignell who had visited England for the purpose of raising a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negotiation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic, voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow at discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken. This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the manager. It however affected his pride, and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' He therefore closed a bargain for sixty dollars with the man who owned the Elephant. Play-bills were posted up in all directions, advertising in letters of the largest size, that the Elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his Elephant was honoured with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was then exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Moreton, Harwood and Bernard were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroine in a style of great perfection. The season opened with Venice Preserved, in which Cooper, as Pierre made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager: which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a panalty of about two thousand dollars, but this it was alledged had been already broken on the manager's part. In short the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York Theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper was invited to come if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but does not seem to have suceeded in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances have been received with much applause, but the people there having formed their taste, on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to those gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favourites. He has since been performing at Liverpool, with great eclat: it is rumoured, that he has concluded an engagement with the manager at Drury Lane; but, many persons entertain hopes that he may yet be restored to the American stage.

Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, well proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance, fine form, intelligent eye, and a voice admirably adapted to the stage. He excelled in the weightier characters of the drama; while, in those of a secondary nature, he was generally careless and indifferent. His performance was particularly ever distinguished for chasteness, character and energy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

In the year 1797, when the ardour of British loyalty was, as now, expressed by the formation of numerous armed associations for the defence of the country, in various parts of the kingdom, a poem was published, intitled The Volunteer. It was treated with much unmerited neglect by many of the reviewers, and with a scurrility beneath the dignity of criticism by others. That it has faults cannot be denied—What human performance is without them? Yet, had criticism assumed the smiling aspect of admonition, instead of the chilling frown of contempt, there is sufficient reason to suppose, that the piece might, in another edition, have been much improved, and the writer induced to cultivate a genius, which would have led him to the highest pinnacle of poetic glory. Indeed, to the irregularity of genius his faults are principally to be attributed. When I say that the author is gone to his final account, that he was my intimate and beloved friend, and that I might, in some respects, be looked upon as the foster father of the poem, having corrected the sheets as they passed through the press, I may be supposed to speak of it with some degree of partiality. Yet the following extracts are given under a firm persuasion that they will prove these observations not altogether unfounded. The description of a warrior, reposing after the toils of battle, is in the highest style of poetic excellence, and the close of it entirely original.

Thus, seeking rest from toils he long has tried,
The hero throws his pond'rous arms aside;
Spoils for the Loves the glittering arms afford,
And puny fingers grasp the reeking sword,
Exulting one, the rounding buckler climbs,
This in the breast-plate hides his little limbs;
Long struggling that at length uprears the plume,
Down drops the casque—the pigmy finds a tomb;
He staggering falls—loud clangors dash the ground,
While through the group the tittering laugh goes round.

Let these lines be compared with the verses on a similar occasion, by Tickell, and they will lose nothing in the comparison.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his faulchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield,
Or strokes the plume in Tityon's blood embrued,
And one the spear that reeks with Typhon's blood,
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrinking train.

Tickell's Prospect of Peace.

He thus indignantly apostrophizes the phantom of modern philosophy:

Find then a clime congenial to thy mind,
Stern like thyself, that frowns on all mankind;
The icy fane thy theorists may rear,
And thy cold frost-work virtues worship there;
Freeze there to apathy thine iron form,
Or woo the gloomy giant of the storm;
Resume the demon thou hast been before,
Enjoy your loves, and scourge the world no more;
Whilst round thy shore the howling blast shall sweep,
And storms forever rend the restless deep.

Having dwelt on the miseries of revolutionized France, he turns to a contemplation of his native country. The admirers of genuine poetry must be highly gratified with this passage; the sketch of Sydney's death, at the close, is drawn by the hand of a master.

Yet whilst in Horror's ear these tumults die,
My native country steals upon mine eye:
Age of Elizabeth, to thee I turn,
And feel the Briton in my bosom burn;
Then, England, did'st thou bask thy giant pride,
Surrounding nations shrinking by thy side;
Thy chiefs, the sons of nature's vigorous youth
High-born, their virtues of majestic growth;
Experience watching o'er the sacred pile,
Whose welfare is the welfare of the isle;
Valour, that grasps the sword, and breathes a prayer,
And Temperance, bounding from his frugal fare;
There, like a Pharo o'er misfortune's flood,
Towers unimpassioned, awful Fortitude;
Unfelt, hot lightnings hissing scorch his hair,
Below his broken pinions flash Despair.
Yet 'mongst the ranks that crowd the dome of Fame,
A softer virtue founds her noblest claim—
The rose of Chivalry, the Muses' friend,
Oh! gallant Sydney! glorious was his end,
His parch'd lips touch the draught, he hears a cry,
'Tis Anguish, panting with convulsive eye;
He feebly turns the cup aside, and sighs,
'Save that poor soldier!'—thirsts no more, and dies.

The emigration of the French priests, and their kind reception in England, is thus alluded to:

Thus late retiring from their native coast,
Themselves who weep not, but their country lost;
By furies from their homes, their altars driven,
They come, a virtuous band—the priests of heaven;
The hand that pour'd the oil to soothe their woes,
Now draws the sword in freedom's sacred cause.

The following is an animated and not incorrect description of a military parade, previous to the troops taking the field:

Then the long ranks of generous soldiers come,
Whilst thrills the liquid flute and rolls the drum;
Onward they march, no mercenary band,
But arm'd spontaneous for their native land,
Flush'd with no frantic zeal, by meteor led,
Or spectre beckoning round the midnight bed;
To drink no brother's blood their swords are drawn,
Or persecute where iron despots frown;
To freedom and their King their vows preferr'd,
Who rally round the fane their fathers rear'd;
Protecting Youth extends his arm to save
From insult, Age, who seeks a quiet grave;
Stands the pale virgin, in mute anguish lost,
Whose glowing lover joins the gallant host;
Who feels conflicting passions tear his breast,
Till indignation triumphs o'er the rest;
There thousands kneeling lift the streaming eye,
The breathing pray'r floats trembling to the sky;
Oh! by sweet Mercy usher'd, may it bring
Descending Concord hovering on its wing.

Many other passages of equal merit might be quoted, but let these suffice. I have performed what I have long considered as a duty to the memory of a man of worth. If praise comes now, it comes too late, and he is equally beyond the reach of censure. Yet he still lives in the remembrance of his friends, and many, into whose hands this slight notice may chance to fall, will not refuse to mingle their sighs for his loss with those of

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Excursion to the Glaciers of Grindenwald.

All mountains, whose summits are eternally covered with snow and ice, are called glaciers; but what is generally understood by the term *glacier* is an immense collection of ice, which in a long course of time has fallen from the tops of the mountains, filled up the space between them, and even descended into the vallies. Such accumulations are the celebrated glaciers of Grindenwald, which have attracted the curiosity of strangers for ages, and which are the only inducements we have for penetrating into the Alps at this late season.

The inferior glacier lays between the Eiger and the Mettenberg, two of the highest of the Alps; and the superior between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn. These two descend into the valley, and are the inexhaustible sources of several streams, which are supplied by their melting. Having a good view of the inferior glacier from our windows, we did not examine it nearer, but early the following morning we set out on foot over rocks and streams, and through fields of snow to see the superior, which is a league distant. The sight we beheld is difficult to describe. Fancy to yourself a vast sea, rushing between two mountains, into a valley, and caught by the frost in its greatest agitation. Such is the appearance of this glacier, which stands up in points like the waves of the ocean. This immense mass of ice is split into clefts, and is continually changing its form as the snows at the foot dissolve. These gaping abysses render it extremely dangerous to attempt crossing the glaciers. The colour of the ice is the most beautiful azure, similar to that of the lakes and rivers of Swisserland, which I cannot yet account for satisfactorily.

All the night we slept in Grindenwald we heard the noises made by the cracking of the glaciers and the avalanches of ice. We could not imagine what produced such thundering sounds till we visited the superior glacier the next morning, when we heard the same noises, and saw an avalanche fall in dust into the valley. You have often heard of these terrors of the Alps, which so frequently prove the destruction of whole villages. The most formidable are produced in the spring, by the melting of the snow, which, on being loosened at the summit of a mountain, by any cause whatever, begins to roll, and collecting, as it descends, a greater and a greater body, perhaps falls at last upon some unfortunate hamlet, and buries it in its enormous mass. This does not happen unfrequently, and the avalanches are the greatest afflictions of the poor peasants, who annually lose their cattle by them. There are some passages in the Alps where the guides take off the bells from the cattle and goats, and caution travellers against speaking loud, lest the motion of the air should loosen the snows above, and a dreadful avalanche be the consequence.

The mountains, which rise around these vast beds of ice and snow, are huge pointed rocks of enormous height, broken into abrupt masses, which are absolutely terrific. Nothing is seen growing, except a little grass in the clefts which the Chamois feed upon. Our guide, pointing to a spot at a great height, told us, that last year, as a hunter of those animals was pursuing them among the rocks, a fragment from above dashed him headlong down a dreadful precipice, when his body was found horridly mangled. This trade is excessively dangerous, as the hunter is sometimes obliged to depend upon the slightest ledge for his support, while in pursuit of his game, which always seeks the most inaccessible places, and at heights which would inevitably turn the head of any one not accustomed to this perilous chace. I assure you the very contemplation of these steeps filled me with horror, and made me involuntarily look to see if my own footing was safe. Most of these mountains are above twelve thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and at least nine thousand above that of the valley.

The superior and inferior glaciers descend so low that in the proper season, I am well assured, you can take ice from them with one hand, and pluck wild flowers with the other.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we were conducted to the place where the horses we had engaged to carry us to the top of the great Scheidegg waited for us. We then resumed our journey up this mountain for several leagues, but rarely out of a walk; our guides followed on foot to take back the animals. You would shudder were you to see the precipices we passed, where nothing could have saved us had our horses made the least false step; and the path was so narrow that we could not even dismount. At first I felt alarmed; but by degrees, and by observing the sagacity of the animals, and their sure footing, I began to pass many *staircase* paths without apprehension. Many a time has my horse's foot been within six inches of a tremendous precipice, and there was no possibility of passing otherwise, or alighting. These horses, however, may be trusted, as they are well accustomed to the narrow passages of the Alps. Their drivers, after fixing the packages they usually carry on their backs, place them on the outer edge of the path, to prevent their being overturned into the gulfs on one side, by the projections of the mountain on the other, which would infallibly be the case where the bundles they carry to strike against the rocks which jut over the passage. When you mount them yourself, nothing is to be done, but to let them take their own course, and give yourself up entirely to the sagacity of your animal, who appears to know the danger, and looks about carefully before he makes a step. As we ascended, the path became covered with snow pretty deeply, so that I could not have pretended to guide my horse, but I observed whenever there was doubt or danger, he would put his nose down as if to smell the holes that might be concealed. There is scarcely an instance known of one of these horses causing the destruction of his rider, when left to himself, and having learnt this, by the advice of my guide, I threw the bridle over the neck of the one I rode, and, folding my arms, suffered myself to be carried wherever he thought proper to go, and I confess I passed precipices which made me shudder, and think I should never see you more.

As the horses bred in the Alps are accustomed to this perilous mode of travelling, they may be safely relied on, but it would be highly imprudent to bring strange animals to perform the same journies. There is a story told of an English gentleman and his lady being met in the passage of the *Fete noir*, where their horses could neither advance nor retreat. I leave you to judge the horror of such a situation.

In our journey up the Scheidegg we saw other glaciers, but they were small; from one of them, situated very high on the Wetterhorn, we saw one of the most beautiful avalanches that can be seen in the Alps. It was of ice, and elevated at a height of some thousand feet. The moment it was detached from the glacier, we heard a roaring like distant thunder, which made us turn our heads to see what caused it, when we beheld it just falling from its parent glacier. As it tumbled from rock to rock, down the immense precipice, it broke into a perfect cloud of dust, of the most dazzling whiteness, which increased in size as it fell, and the sound became louder. This beautiful cloud descended most majestically, following the course of the avalanche, till it spread in dust upon the valley, at the foot of the rock, far, far indeed, from its native glacier.

We congratulated ourselves on having witnessed this beautiful spectacle, and arrived in high spirits at the top of the Scheidegg, which is six thousand feet above the Mediterranean. From thence we looked over the valley of Grindenwald, which appeared like a small mass, neatly coloured, and had a good view of the chain of Alps, among which we distinguished the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg, the Eiger, and the Iungfrau, whose white tops were just tinged with the rays of a morning sun. On the other side were also high mountains, whose sides were black with forests of pine; beyond these lay the smiling valley of Husli, covered with verdure, notwithstanding the threatenings of the surrounding mountains, on whose hoary tops winter had begun to show his bleak honours. It is scarcely possible, I again say, for any one, who has never seen Swisserland, to conceive the grandeur and savage majesty of the scenes of the Alps.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The manufactures of Brussels at present are in a languishing state. The carpet manufactory once so celebrated, in consequence of the death of the master of it, does not work. I expected to have found one of lace, but this fabric is carried on by individuals in their own houses, it is also brought from Mecklin, Mons, and Valenciennes, and sold to the dealers, for the use of foreigners, who frequent in times of peace this capital.

They have three theatres, and it being sunday night we went to the principal one. It was a French play badly represented by French actors. The greater part of the inhabitants speak French and indeed I have hitherto found this language the current one throngh Brabant. They have several fine basins for holding boats, and merchant vessels, with clean convenient quays, these broad canals are supplied with water from the Senne, and should the Scheldt be liberated from the tyrannic avarice of Dutch monopoly, this city by means of its communication with that river, must soon become a place of mercantile importance, both in a domestic and foreign point of view.

As we had agreed upon descending the celebrated canal of Brussels, instead of taking the road by Mecklin to Anvers, we embarked at eight o'clock on board a very convenient boat that sets off precisely at that hour every day of the year if not prevented by the ice. This boat is about fifty feet long, and has three apartments under her deck, which runs fore and aft her whole length. These rooms may not be improperly

called the cabin, steerage and forecastle; as they are each intended for the different classes of passengers who occupy them and pay accordingly.

This canal is about twenty miles in length and has four locks on it, each of which have nearly six feet fall. At three of them we shifted our baggage, and took another boat, which did not occasion a delay of more than ten minutes. At the last lock we waited until the water was reduced to its level, and then passed through the gate. This took about fifteen minutes the difference of the height of water being, as I measured it five feet seven inches. At the little village of Willebroecke this valuable sheet of water ends in consequence of meeting the Scheldt over which there is a well kept ferry.

We met no delay as we found the public diligence ready to take those passengers who had secured their seats at the time of embarking at Brussels, and proceeded through one of the most beautiful roads in Europe for Antwerp, where we arrived at half past four. I cannot look back on this day's journey without pronouncing it the pleasantest in some particulars, of any I ever experienced. This noble canal which carries the navigation of the Scheldt to the basons and quays of Brussels exhibits throughout its whole extent the most charming scenery. The banks of each side have strait lines of lofty trees, planted, in double triple, and in some instances quintuple rows. The canal is seventy feet wide and from fifteen to twenty feet deep.

A few miles below Brussels we meet the magnificent chateau of the Emperor's sister, built about ten years ago. It is most charmingly situated about one thousand yards from the canal, on high commanding ground. This beautiful house with its temples, retreats, grottoes, stables, water-works, &c. was begun and finished in two years by eight hundred workmen, and the owner who could do this deserved to be an arch duchess. We passed a number of elegant country seats, particularly one belonging to a Brussels banker. This class of men, like the farmers general of France, appear to be the richest citizens of the country. Indeed every knoll has its chateau.

About seven miles down the canal we sailed by a very large brick building, which served as a place of correction and employment for vagrants, and petty criminals; the cells of which are so contrived that no two persons were together, except for the purpose of working. An innumerable number of small windows, through each of which nothing bigger than a cat could escape, indicated the distinct apartments. It is now converted into a military *French* Hospital.

We passed several large galliots deeply loaded. Two that must have exceeded one hundred tons. The rich meadows covered with cattle cropping a most luxuriant herbage, hamlets, mills, churches, groves and whitened cottages, every where meeting the passenger as he gently glides along the lengthened and unruffled surface, present a picturesque scenery, which it is easier to enjoy than to describe. And to finish our optical repast, immediately on crossing the Scheldt (which at Boom, the town we landed at, is five hundred feet wide) we entered a road seven miles long, and so perfectly straight, that you see its whole extent, and which, being bordered by very lofty trees, trimmed for thirty feet from the ground, produce a vista as striking as it is novel. The lands on each side are as black as the banks of the Nile, and if we may conclude from the appearance of the large fields of vegetables, that continually present themselves, not less productive.

We arrived at Antwerp at four o'clock, and got into very convenient lodgings at Louis's Hotel. We were a little surprized to see at the corner of every street a statue of a woman with a pretty child either in her arms, on her lap, or playing at her knee; at length we found that the Virgin Mary was the patroness of the city.

It is not easy to stand on the broad, convenient and once bustling quay of Antwerp, by which flows a river three hundred yards wide, and twenty-five feet deep, without a mingled sensation of indignation and pity. The Scheldt (which once by every tide, wafted wealth to this city, and animated the remotest parts of Brabant, because by its reflux it transported the product of its industry to every shore, to be paid by a rich return of the conveniencies and luxuries of every climate) has for almost 180 years, rolled a useless flood. By the treaty of Munster in 1648 between the United Provinces of Holland and Spain, the latter were compelled to sacrifice the commerce of this opulent and then capital city to obtain a peace. The Scheldt thus shut, Rotterdam became what Antwerp was!

They say that this city contains fifty thousand inhabitants. On a very full view of the houses from the lofty central steeple of Notre Dame, I should conclude it to be equal to Philadelphia, yet from the quietness and apparent scarcity of the population that prevails through all its streets, I must doubt the estimate; thirty thousand perhaps is near the truth.

Every one in Flanders is under the necessity of wearing a cockade, the priest and the peasant, the foreigner and native. In France you are not safe without this party coloured insignia of citizenship.

In most countries where the Catholic religion predominates, we find that the leaders of this superstition, always took care to engage the exertions of genius to ornament the altars of Fanaticism; therefore it is that a foreigner is necessarily led to the churches to find monuments of the arts. Having seen so many of these objects, I intended in future to have taken a transient view without any sketch. But the cathedral of Antwerp cannot be omitted. This church is five hundred feet by two hundred and forty high, and three hundred and sixty feet in length including its domes; it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary mother of God. It contains upwards of thirty chapels, each inclosed by a balustrade of solid brass, here is also a profusion of marble, cut and fashioned into all shapes, such as saints and princes, apostles and generals, male and female martyrs, cherubs and archangels, crucifixes and candlesticks, of all sizes, with all that variety of trumpery which the church borrowed from gentile and pagan temples, and so successfully applied in the perversion of the human faculties, and the subjugation of mankind: but to these may be added the pieces of Reubens, and other great masters of the Flemish school, the principal of which however have within eighteen months been disposed of for very different purposes than those their makers intended, and have travelled to Paris to aid the splendor of the proud gallery of that proud Republic.

Here are many pictures of martyrs expiring in agony. Horrid as such representations are, they may be proper enough for a church. Tired with tombs, tortures, and tapers, the eye and the mind are relieved and enraptured by the glorious representation of the ascension of the holy Virgin. This most beautiful painting is on the ceiling of the dome in that part of the church which is called the cross, it is nearly two hundred feet above the marble pavement from which it is viewed. It is finely lighted, and represents a charming woman surrounded by a multitude of smiling angels, triumphantly rising through the skies to take her seat in Heaven! A connisear would find something to applaud in the foreshortning of the figures,

The tower is as much admired for its delicacy as for its height of four hundred and sixty-six feet; you ascend by six hundred and twenty two stone steps to the height of four hundred, from whence you have an extensive view of the Scheldt; and if there is a clear horizon, discover the great towns of Mecklin, Brussels, Louvain, and Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom. One of the bells of this church weighs sixteen thousand pounds.

The different churches are all decorated with pieces of Reubens, Vandyck, Jordains, Teniers, and other celebrated painters which this country formerly produced. Several gentlemen have also cabinets, to which foreigners easily obtain admission. But I did not avail myself of the advantage as pictures begin to lose their attraction.

The bowrse or exchange is a plain but very convenient building; it is one hundred and ninety-four feet long, and one hundred and fifty-four broad. It was built in 1531, and the gallery of this quadrangle serves now to furnish rooms for public purposes; but the house and its piazzas are of no kind of commercial use, solitude and silence have succeeded to bustle and bargains.

This city unfortunately has more monks than merchants, the churches therefore all day long are frequented, and at no hour do you meet any one on the exchange.

Finding but one merchant-ship here, and that a Dane, I expressed my surprize to a merchant, that so little enterprize was discovered by the inhabitants, and so little use made of their noble river, now as free open as the Rhine. His answer was, that until peace they could not tell what country they were to be annexed to, or whether the Scheldt was not to be again closed. That their Dutch neighbours would not send their ships up because they looked with a jealous eye on the Flemish commerce; and their conquerors had laid such heavy duties, as discouraged all enterprize on their parts, and deterred foreigners from trading with them.

I was pleased to find that several American vessels had been here. Long, very long, may a wise policy, on the part of our government enable the adventurous merchant of America, to extend her commerce on every sea! and the hardy mariner to display the stars of his country in every port of the Globe!

They have an excellent fish-market, the Scheldt furnishes a part, but their cod, haddock, salmon, soles, and turbot, come principally from Zealand, I observed two rosy gilled hooded friars surveying a parcel of the latter fish with great complacency.

There are several crosses stuck up in different parts of the town, and particularly one of bronze between thirty and forty feet high, which stands on a marble pedestal in the centre of the handsomest street of the city.

The hotel des Ostretins is a vast house two hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred broad; it is situated near the river and very convenient for the discharge of ships; it is three stories high, the lower one served for storing merchandize; the two others which contain three hundred chambers, served as lodging rooms for the traders. It was built in 1564 by the hanseatic towns for their mutual accommodation. It is now only a melancholy evidence of the former prosperity and opulence of this city; for since commerce perished it has ceased to be serviceable.

The maison de ville, considering the year of its erection, 1560, is a superb house. It is situated in the great place or square of the town, it has a front of two hundred and forty feet by ninety deep. The five architectural orders beautify its facade, and the columns are of marble, the interior of the edifice is corresponcent.

Most of its noble rooms are graced by pieces from the indefatigable pencil of Reubens, and from those of Quillin, Helmont, &c. The first of these immortal painters appears to have possessed as much industry as genius. And if he was the master of the variety of works attributed to him, he must have been the most assiduous artist of his own, or any other age.

The assembly of the states of Brabant was holden here in the prosperous periods of Antwerp. They had also their treasury and mint, and the courts of law held their sessions in an appropriate hall. As the golden age of this city has long since passed away, the latter only now remains.

Antwerp is a walled town and has a strong citadel, with its accompaniments of bastions and fossees. It has repeatedly been besieged, and of course several times changed masters. Could the inhabitants have a voice in the councils of their sovereigns the wisest measure they could adopt would be to launch their ramparts into the ditches. Large towns having every thing to hazard and nothing to obtain by a siege ought always to be defended at a distance.

There are three different routes from Antwerp to Rotterdam, one by Bergen-op-Zoom, one by Breda, and one between both to the Maerdick. We chose the latter. It is only thirteen leagues and we were in our chaise with four fresh and able horses by six o'clock, yet we did not get through until two hours after dark. About seven miles from Anvers you enter on a desert of sand, the most barbarous and barren moor I ever crossed. Here the British forces were incamped when the victorious legions of France in the month of December, 1794 marched to Amsterdam, whilst the English confounded and half frozen, with difficulty and loss, escaped to the banks of the Elbe.

After a fatiguing day in crawling over the worst road in the United Provinces, we arrived at a sorry inn, and met a peat fire and a poor bed. At four o'clock next morning we were in the kopyacht (a boat that carries goods) with an excessive cold, but fresh and fair breeze on our way to Rotterdam, distant twenty-one miles.

We soon got up with Gravendeld, under which foreign ships lie, and had several pointed out as Americans. About two miles further, on the opposite shore we passed the large town of Dort: but it is built on so flat a site that it was impossible by moon-light, to discover much of it, excepting its forest of wind-mills. At eight o'clock we landed, and soon found in an excellent breakfast of hot coffee, a succedaneum for much cold and some chagrin.

The street we are in has the appearance of the houses menacing the heads of the passengers: the upper stories of the buildings opposite each other being three feet nearer than the ground floors. We were told that these houses, (and that we should find a great many more such) were thus built in order to have the lower apartments less exposed to the weather. A strange idea. A more natural supposition for Holland, is that former sordidness pilfered from the sky, the inches it was obliged to surrender to the street. The roofs of the old houses are steep, with their gable ends to the street. The modern ones have neither of the above defects, are built of brick or stone, and preserved in the cleanest order.

To a stranger and particularly so to an American traveller, this town exhibits the most novel and singular scenery; a scenery however appropriate to all the mercantile places of Holland. The deep, broad and crowded canals, the sides of which are every where secured by stone or brick masonry; the numerous warehouses, along which, vessels of all sizes from the huge bombs, or hundred feet house-barges of the Rhine, to the swift sailing cutter of the ocean; the bulky bilander of the Baltick, and the handsome ship of America lie, and most conveniently discharge their freights: the streets clean, and shaded with trees. The quiet steadiness the Dutchmen show in doing their respective business, either on shipboard or on the quays, altogether form them as the most extraordinary sea-ports of the world. Few persons, who have ever seen, but must have admired the beautiful street called the Boomies. This delightful place is about the length of west Boston bridge, and runs parallel with the Maese, which is here about six hundred yards wide. The wall, which forms the terrace, is protected by a line of strong pickets drove into the mud. A range of lofty elms runs the whole extent of this street, at the distance of fifty feet from a compact line of very handsome houses of stone or brick. A very fine view of the river is enjoyed by the inhabitants of these houses, who are either merchants or bankers. A full view of the large and handsome edifice belonging to the admirality of the province, and the partial but picturesque prospect of a large hospital, situated on the opposite bank of the river, inircled with trees, and surrounded with meadows, unite to aid the scenery, which is always animated by the passing of the numerous boats and vessels, which frequent the port, or come to its markets.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among the hourly proofs of that gross barbarism, which infects so large a portion of this unhappy country, may be enumerated that ostentatious neglect of the classics, so generally prevalent among the *citizen* slaves of a democracy. A *true Indian* is naturally averse to any language but the barbarous dialect of his wigwam; an outlaw, or an *acquitted felon*, knows no tongue but that of falshood, hypocrisy, and fraud; and as for your *puritan* and *fanatic*, why the very foundation of his pretensions rests upon the gross ignorance both of himself and his miserable followers.

—

It has been quaintly and classically said of a battered courtezan that she was

Omnibus *lippis* et tonsoribus nota.

—

When we reflect upon the *honourable* character of the French usurper, and that of some of his *republican* associates, we can apply the initial lines of a celebrated glee:

When Bonaparte at court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

—

The correct taste of a literary friend has selected, from a recent work by Mrs. Opie, the following canzonet, which finely describes the affection of a female heart.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
And never deign to think on me.
But Oh, if grief thy steps attend,
If want or sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Swift, when he is in earnest, has a strength of reasoning, which carries with it conviction. When in jest, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him.

—

The Dove of Anacreon is a little poem of such exquisite beauty, that it has challenged the commendation and exercised the industry of Dr. Johnson. Fawkes has translated it *well*, Dr. Johnson *better*, but to Mr. Moore must be conceded the glory of rendering it *best*.

Tell me why, my sweetest Dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither whence you rov,
Tell me all, my sweetest Dove.
Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove;
'Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free;'
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Baffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblets' brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently fanning wings,
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers.
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

—

Epigram on a noisy fanatic, more famous for his vociferation, than his good sense or rhetoric

With such velocity of empty sound
Thou pour'st forth nonsense on the audience round,
It seems as if some *demon* fill'd thy breast,
If not—at least thy pulpit is *possest*,
Thou art its *demon*, whom we all implore
Once to *come out, and enter it no more.*

—

Epitaph on a *Butcher*, whose name was *Lamb.*

Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
Who died a lamb and liv'd a sheep,
Many a lamb and sheep he slaughter'd,
But butcher death the scene has alter'd.

—

Voltaire seems to have known his countrymen perfectly when he asserted that they were either monkies or tygers.

The Charleston Courier is not only conducted with a vigour, vivacity and spirit worthy of better fortune and better times, but it contains more original matter than most of the daily papers published in America.

—

Voiture was not less famed for his generosity than his wit. Balzac sent to him one day for the loan, of 400 crowns, which he readily lent; and at the bottom of the promissory note for that sum he wrote the following lines 'I promise, to pay M. Balzac the sum of 800 crowns for the pleasure that he has afforded me of lending him 400. He returned this note by the servant that came for the money. When Balzac read it, he exclaimed 'this note does him more honour than all the letters for which he is so justly and universally admired.'

—

Mr. Reynolds has received from Mr. Harris, on account of his Play being *damned*, a note for two hundred pounds, as something handsome towards the *funeral expences*.

Mr. Reynolds, we believe, is the first man, who got money for being *damned*; but many others, we fear, before him, have been *damned* for getting *money*.

[*Lon. paper.*

—

Mr. Moore has copied from Anacreon a lovely picture of vernal beauty.

When spring begems the dewy scene
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the zephy'rs languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies;
How sweet to mark the pouting vine
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to lie
Where the embowering branches meet,
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

—

The following is the natural wish of one, who calls for *rosebuds before they be withered.*

I know that heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes, which I have journied o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know, nor ask to know;
Then surely, Care, thou can'st not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine,
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And Oh! before the vital thrill,
That trembles at my heart is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb.

—

My Lord Bolingbroke observes, that the people are always the surest instruments of their own servitude.

—

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY COWPER.

The green house is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air:
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy prisoners there.

They sang as blythe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast;
Instinct is never quite supprest;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass betwern the wires.

The open windows seem t'invite
The freeman to a farewel flight,
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, sitting on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more:
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,
A pris'ner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball or rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison, with a friend, preferr'd
To liberty without.

—

Epitaph on a grave-stone in a country church-yard in England, on Mrs. Arabella Greenwood, who died in child-bed; written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, D. D.

O Deathe! thou hast cutte downe,
The fairest Greenwood in all this towne;
Her virtues and goode qualities were suche,
That shee mighte have married a lorde or a judge,
But suche was her condescensione and suche her humilitie
Shee chose to take me a Doctor of Divinitie,
For which heroicke acte shee stands confeste
Above all others the Phœnixe of he sexe,
And like that bride one younge shee did begette,
That she mighte not leave her sexe disconsolate,
Mie griefe for her is so verie sore
I can onlie write two lines more,
For this and everie goode her sake
Never let a blisterre be putte on a lying-inwoman's back.

—

JUSTIFICATION.

While lawyer Bounce with care attends the courts,
At home, with Bounce's wife, his clerk disports;
And this he knows—but what excuse has he?
Qui facit per alium, facit perse!*

—

The Lawyer's wife, or the maxim wife loquitor.

Most true it is you go astray,
And also true, that 'that's my way;'
Why call it wrong then—why this fuss?
Communis eror facit jus.

—

To a nobleman, who boasted of the facility with which he wrote poetry.

You write with ease, to show your breeding—
But easy writing's damn'd hard reading!

—

A Counsel once, of pigmy size,
To make a motion did arise;
But Kenyon's sight his sense defeated,
And thinking still the dwarf was seated,
'Tis common, sir, with all,' said he,
'To stand, when they're addressing me.'
Dumb was the Counsel, and offended,
When thus a wag his cause defended:
'Justice, my Lord, from you my friend expects,
You know deminimis non curat lex!'

—

Cœnabis lene, mi Fabulle apud me,
Paucis si tibi di favent diebus,
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam,
Cœnam. Carm. 13.

There have been several attempts to exhibit the generosity of this invitation in an English garb. The following I have selected as among the best. The first seems to preserve more of the spirit of the original, than either of the subsequent ones.

Well, shall my friend Fabullus sup with me,
And soon, should such be fav'ring heaven's decree.
But if the supper's plentiful and rare,
Fabullus must himself supply the fare.

Fabullus, if you'll sup with me,
I'll treat you like a king,
With every kind of luxury,
That you yourself....shall bring.

To see you at supper to-morrow I wish;
But if, at my treat,
You are anxious to eat,
Remember, my friend, you must bring
Your own dish.

—

It is somewhat singular that the greater number of poets, whose works have given such splendor to their names and country, have proceeded from the courts of law, a profession which of all others appears least suited to the cultivation or improvement of the talents of a poet. Should a foreigner demand a narrative of the lives of some of our more celebrated wits, he would not regard us without incredulity or surprise, should we refer him for some account of their lives to the registers of the Temple. It is certain, however, that the law has the praise of producing as many poets as judges; and it is no less extraordinary that the church, which we might imagine their more natural element, can produce almost none.

—

THE LOVER CURED.

Young Damon, with a Lover's stare,
Ey'd Philis o'er and o'er;
And sure, said he, a form so fair
Was never seen before.
I love that eye, so soft and meek:
And who can e'er withstand
The lovely dimples of thy cheek,
The whiteness of thy hand?
O give me but a lock of hair,
(He said with ravish'd eyes)
That on my finger I may wear,
And kiss the sacred prize.
What female could withstand the shock?
The yielding Fair submits,
Poor Damon clip'd his favourite lock,
And found it full of—nits!

—

ANECDOTE.

An Actor, of some consideration, (said to be Mr. Cooke) and who has no aversion to 'tipsey revelry,' lately quarrelled with a supper party of *bon vivants*, at Manchester; and after a scuffle, in which he broke a pane of a window opening to the street, was forced to make a precipitate exit. Shortly after, he popped his head in at the broken pane, and exclaimed—'Gentleman, I *see through* my error, and humbly claim your indulgence.' A laugh ensued, and the Hero of the Sock and Buskin was restored to the honour of the sitting.

—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say that *Sydney* cannot spell. It is lamentable that this republican namesake of a great *patriot*, should be ignorant even of the first page of the useful treatise of Mr. Thomas Dilworth, who was a very good man and able schoolmaster, though he never subverted a monarchy, or attempted to teach kings wisdom.

We hope to be allowed the *liberty* of rejecting a very licentious song on *Liberty*. We have often thought that the figure on our American dollars of this same *republican* goddess, exhibited the profile of one of the most impudent harlots to be found in any bagnio.

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* Reg. Ration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If you deem the following juvenile production worthy of publication, please to give it a place in the Port Folio, if not, commit it to the flames.

JUVENIS.

A TALE,

In the versification of Spenser.

No longer beam'd the radiant god of day,
And scarce a murmur floated in the air,
The shepherd whistling homeward bent his way
To happy scenes, devoid of every care;
To smiling boys, whose blooming features wear
The marks of ruddy health, and peace, and joy,
Who strive full oft the father's gift to share,
Some blooming nosegay, or some childish toy,
Which he had kindly purchas'd at the neighbouring fair.

'Twas then a youth, oppress'd with many a woe,
Upon whose cheek oft fell the chrystal tear,
Mov'd o'er the plain, with trembling steps and slow,
Mournful, without a pitying friend to cheer
His sadden'd soul, which like the winter drear,
Was gloomy horror all, where nought but grief,
Keen, piercing grief, was found, nor there
Did smiling Hope e'er bring her sweet relief,
And shed her cheering beams, or bring kind prospects near.

His parents died, ere yet twelve times the sun
O'er his young head had run its annual round,
And ne'er a friend he knew, not one
This orphan's mournful lot with comfort crown'd;
No soothing voice he heard, no welcome sound
Of charity once met his ear, but spurn'd
By all, in lonely solitude he found
Sweet happiness, there oft his bosom burn'd
With manly virtues, hid, like ore, beneath the ground.

A little hut he rais'd with many a clod,
His food was herbs, his drink the limpid stream;
Nature the book which rais'd his soul to God,
And taught him life itself was but a dream:
'Twill soon be past, he cry'd, while many a beam
Of joy then sparkled in his youthful eye,
'Twill soon be past, no more my sorrows seem
T'oppress my soul with grief, or raise the sigh,
Ere long the rays of happiness will on me gleam.'

Thus he philosophiz'd—but now remov'd
From calm retirement's ever still retreat,
He sought the fair, whom once he saw and lov'd,
Whom once he saw and lov'd, she look'd so sweet
As she pass'd by his cot on airy feet,
And fled so swift the youth pursued in vain
Thro' many a grove, the gentle muses seat,
Or o'er the mountain, or across the plain,
He found her not, she skimm'd along with steps so fleet.

Gloomy despair at length bedimm'd his soul,
And now he sought to end his numerous woes,
His eyes, once sparkling, now with horror roll,
And frantic to the precipice he goes;
There gaz'd a moment, then himself he throws
Off the high summit in the stream below,
Clos'd were his eyes in death, no longer glows
His breast with ardour, ne'er again he'd know
The cares, or joys of life; but every vein is froze.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON CARE.

Away, dull thought, far hence away,
Nor to annoy me dare,
I'll cherish pleasure while I may,
And ever banish Care.
Away, away,
Nor dare to stay,
Corroding Care!

E'er to be sad I hold it wrong,
For sighs infect the air;
Then ever let it be my song
Away, way with Care!
Begone, begone,
Thy power I scorn,
Dull, baseborn Care!

The ills, which grieving mortals know,
Are simple I declare;
Reflection, our most mortal foe,
Ne'er smoothes the brow of Care.
Depart, depart,
Nor wound my heart,
Pernicious Care!

Throughout the world there 'haps no ill
But each man has his share;
The wise laugh on, and gild the pill,
'Tis fools alone seek Care.
Pass on, pass on,
'Tis e'er my song,
Away with Care!

CLEMENT.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE VINE.

[Many years ago, says the Laureate of Great Britain, when I became first acquainted with the botanical system of Linnæus, I had some thoughts of writing a poem on the subject. The plan that suggested itself to me was, to select some conspicuous plant from each of the orders, to consider the sexual distinction as lovers, and the flower as the nuptial pavilion. The example of original imagery, and correct and splendid versification exhibited in Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants, precluded every idea of completion, and I dropped all thoughts of the subject. But part of my summer amusement at Stoke park being derived from a fresh perusal of Dr. Darwin's poem, I was induced to try a slight defence of the liquor, which, we are told, 'cheereth the heart of God and man,' from the severe censure of the poet, and, in doing this, I have given a specimen of the plan I had meant to adopt.]

Like clustering tents upon the embattled mead,
See Vitis thick her small pavilions spread;
Beneath each silken veil, with studious care,
Five amorous brothers woo one yielding fair;
From the sweet raptures of the fond embrace
Soon springs a lovely and a generous race,
In purple bright, or lucid vesture clad,
The passer's eye the groups luxuriant glad,
While o'er the enchanting clusters native hue,
Spreads a rich tincture of celestial blue.
Sweet to the taste, the swelling orbs produce
A rich profusion of ambrosial juice;
Mantling and clear, man sees the beverage shine,
And hails, with grateful voice, the power of wine.
Fair and delicious boon of favouring heaven,
To human kind the balm of sorrow given!
By thee inspired, behold on blither wing
Soar the young joys, the muses sweeter sing;
With lighter step the dancing Graces move,
And fiercer burns the golden lamp of love.
But, thoughtless man, beware of foul excess,
Nor draw a curse, where heaven design'd to bless;
Then flies the genial draught, that cheer'd the soul,
And fatal poison drugs the intemperate bowl.
Amid the flowrets of the festal wreath
The serpents writhe of anguish and of death,
Shoots pale disease along the languid frame,
And passion's burning fiends the veins inflame.

[The following imitation, by Mr. Boscawen, who has so ably translated Horace, will please the classical reader.]

Epistle, in imitation of Horace, Lib. I. Epist. IV. to a friend, who had retired to the country in disgust at the ill success of a law suit.

My friend, whose candor to my humble lays
Warps your sound judgment into partial praise,
Say, what amusements now your leisure fill,
What studies charm on Hampstead's airy hill?
Does the gay muse you woo'd on Tuscan plains
Still prompt to rival *Della Crusca's* strains?
Or strive you in your lonely walks to find,
Man's only bliss, serenity of mind?
No dull and lifeless body you inherit,
Devoid of grace, and uninform'd by spirit;
Heaven, when it gave you fortune, gave the art
To use it as becomes a liberal heart.
Can the fond mother wish her boy more blest,
The darling boy she cherish'd at her breast,
Than in just taste and knowledge to excel,
And what he knows, in fluent language tell?
Than fame and favour which on learning wait,
Good health, good temper, and a good estate?
Then, whether flattering hope your breast inspire,
Or care perplex you, or resentment fire,
Heed not the future, grieve not for the past,
But think each day that dawns may be your last.
Thus, calmly brave, secure from fortune's power,
You'll greet with joy each unexpected hour:
And when your friends in social converse meet,
Come dine with me in Bedford square, or Baker street,
Me you will find more pleas'd than when you went,
Not *fat* or *sleek*, but cheerful and content.

SONG, BY ROBERT BURNS.

[The following is one of those simple ballads of the ploughman of Ayrshire, which have been set to such exquisite music by the genius of Pleyel. The reader, who recollects the attachments of a Scotchman, and the misfortunes of some of the hereditary princes of Europe, will easily identify him, whom the poet makes the *Pretender* say had a right to the hills and vales of Scotland.]

Irish air, 'Captain O'Kain.'

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The primroses blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair
When the lingering moments are number'd with care?
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice
A King and a father to place on his throne,
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
Where wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none!

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched forlorn,
My brave gallant friends 'tis your ruin I mourn,
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return!

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